

stars, 'like sparks of fire,
 flown from
 the anvil of time, are
 extinct; and

," Vj^k, a^k f^k > k^k!

that joy is mine which comes
 to the
 God Shiva, when, after aeons of
 dream,
 he wakes up to find himself
 alone in
 the heart of the infinite
 annihilation*

I am free, I am the great
 solitary
 One. When I was thy slave,
 O

Nature, thou didst set my
 heart
 against itself, and madest it
 cany
 the fis&se war of suicide
 through its
 world. Desires, that have no
 other

ends b^t toTSed upon
 themselves and
 all that comes to their
 mouths, lashed
 me into fury. I ran about,
 madly
 chasing my shadow. Thou
 drovest

me with thy lightning lashes of
 pleas-

ure into the void of satiety.
 And

the hungers, who are thy
 decoys, ever
 led me into the endless
 famine, Ivhere
 food turned into dust, and
 drink into
 vapour.

Till, when my woHd was

spotted